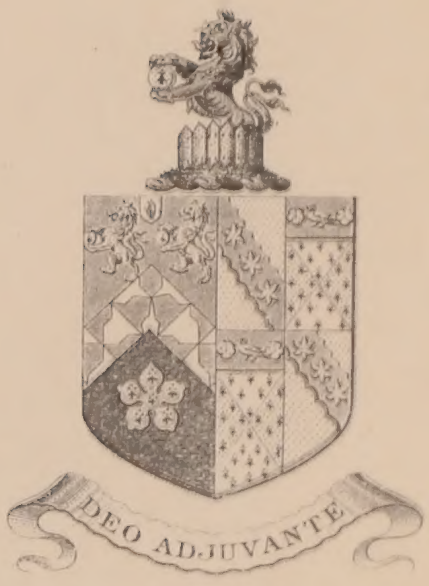

SIR DAVID SALOMONS BART.

BROOMHILL,

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

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Life in a Mill.

THE

TREAD MILL,

OR

Tom and Jerry

AT

BRIXTON:

A SERIO, COMIC, OPERATIC, MILLDRAMATIC, FARCICAL,

MORAL

BURLETTA,

IN TWO ACTS;

AS PERFORMED

ORIGINALLY

At the Surrey Theatre,

AND RECEIVED WITH UNANIMOUS APPLAUSE.

And they're treading, tread,
Tread, treading;
And they're treading
At the Brixton-mill.

London:

Bingham, Printer, 14, Tavistock-street,

PUBLISHED BY J. LOWNDES, 36, BOW-STREET,

COVENT-GARDEN.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

Dramatis Personæ.

———o—o———

OLD PRINGLE .....of Hog's Norton, a *ci devant* jack of all sorts, ... Mr. DAVIDGE.

Mast. JACKY PRINGLE.an adept in *Cribb*age, ambitious of Rouge et Noir, ... Mr. J. KNIGHT.

OLD DINGLE.....rather a pathetic character, who draws, but not tears, ... Mr. BEDFORD.

PETER PUMKINHEAD ..Jack's Man, with an occasional Suit of Armour, "iron clasped and iron-bound," ..... Mr. LAWRENCE.

CERBERUS ....not three-headed Cerberus, classic nevertheless, from his intimate knowledge of Lock, *(Locke,)* and the language of the Greeks, ... Mr. BRUNTON.

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TRUMPS .. } modern } perhaps the knave, ... Mr. AULD.
HARRY .... } Greeks } not old Harry,... ..... Mr. BYRNE.
SHUFFLE .. } } with a convenient cut,..... Mr. SHAW.

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LOGIC..... } ces, three old characters } Mr. ATKINSON.
JERRY HAWTHORN ..... } treading a new round, .. } Mr. GALE.

Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, Messrs. Slang, Flash, and Patter.

MRS. PRINGLE ..,....a pattern for wives of a certain description, ... Mrs. DAVIDGE.

Miss BETTY PRINGLE ..not out of her teens, but wishing to imitate mamma in every thing, ... Miss JONAS.

HostessLEMONSQUEESER, a letter of lodgings to single men, ... Miss S. JONAS.

MOGGY SHANNON .....sighing for a husband and the dissolution of the new Marriage-Act, ... Miss BENCE.

Cook, Servants, Waiters, &c.

SCENES.

ACT I.—1. Hog's Norton.

Plentiful Breakfast, but no Appetites—Pain of anticipation—Ammunition and Admonition for the way—Wooden Alarum—The Coach! The Coach! a *moving* Scene—Parting Tears and Injunctions—All Crocodile's Tears not shed in the Nile—Kissing in a Corner—*Honi soit qui mal y Pense*—English Remonstrances and Scottish Sensibility—Heigh for London!

2. Ready-furnished Lodgings for Single Men.

A queer Situation frequently obliges one to seem queer—Tit for Tat—Black and Red Customers—Fifty to nothing against you—Repentance without Resolution—A moral Recollection.—'*Rari boni.*'

3. Pringle Hall.

Moggy in the Doldrums—Rather hurt at the Idea of the New Marriage Act—Ministers have no mercy for the Feelings of a puir Lassie—Grand Resolution—Miss Pringle dying with *ennui*—Horrid Tale of a Young Man who actually went *somewhere*—Agonizing Discovery, or Two Heads better than One—How to faint away—The passions (not Collins's) *sub rosa.*

4. London.

Such Sights! Hog's Norton in Disgrace—How a Man may go out, and return with different coloured Eyes! !—Congeniality of Heads and Pockets—A bold Stroke by mistake—OX-TAIL SOUP: going to Extremities—Laudable Resolution—London a queer Place —fresh Arrivals—Scottish Penetration.

5. Dinner in Style.

Mrs. Pringle not to know—A sagacious Father—a hopeful Boy—Nothing like teaching the young Idea how to shoot—Fill a Bumper—a Barrow-night—Jack dashed, but re-animated by the Example of Paternal Elegance—Two and Two make four! Descent of the Demon of Discord—Being pushed forward with a Vengeance—Broken Decanters—A *cutting* Repulse—Who's Master of the *Rolls*? Grand Combat of the Greeks and Turks— Oh! the roast Beef of Old England —More Ways than one to crack a Bottle; or to make Ale fly even when the Cork *is* drawn—unlook'd for Meeting—Scottish Heroism, or Love in Pattens—Stage effect, sir! stage effect!

ACT II.—6. A snug Room.

A Wife's first Lesson—How a Lady may express herself in Tip-top Language without knowing Grammar—The Advantage of being somebody—An unexpected Guest—Sudden Emotions of delicate Etiquette—a Retreat—Mr. Dingle and Mr. Pringle—An unhappy Father——Modern Accomplishments—New *Hairs* for the *Pianny*—the *shockingness* of *Wulgarity*—Retrospection not advantageous to all Arguments—Apostrophe on riding a Dickey in Lunnon!

7. Fashionable Promenade.

Superb Meeting—*dear* Friends at a Glance—How *kind* People are in Town!—l'Amour—A Lad of Spirit; a Chip of the Old Block!—Shuffle's Resolution to *cut*—Jack studied in the Arts of the *Jack* at Hog's Norton—The darling Boy! The Mysteries of Udolpho! Chains and Secrecy—Awful Delight of putting one's Head into an incomprehensible place—What People might do if they had but the Means—A *long* Bill not a soothing Recollection—Lavender Drops—"Here we go up, up, up."

8. Gambling Room.

Rouge et Noir—Winner's from Hog's Norton—Double or quits!—O dear!—How to *feel* the Game—a Member of the funny Club—Ha! ha!—Introduction of three *old* Favourites, Tom, Logic, and Jerry—Jerry more of a Philosopher than of Yore, and not without rural Sentiment still—a sad Interruption! Alarum, and Retreat of the Greeks—nothing like lying in Ambush, or any *bush* rather than be taken—How to get into the *Rules* and not be whitewashed—an altered Countenance—Don't talk of the Mill; a new reading, (*Anglice*) Steps of Woe. Greek Chorus, not found in Sophocles.

9. High Life above Stairs.

Parental Information and heart-rending *simperthy*. Nothing like appearing to the best advantage—How a man may attain a *very high Situation* in London, be exalted even above the *grate*, and yet remain unnoticed, and fall unenvied. The beneficial effects of wearing a Suit of Armour, alias a Cast-Iron Shirt. A Ghost! ! ! every body likes to see a Ghost; no *mellow-dram* ought to be without a *Spirit* of some kind—our recently imported *dramas* for the want of such a thing don't seem to go down.

10. Brixton Tread-Mill.

The Miller and his men—Inexorable Cerberus—The Oak of Reformation—Very bad Air at Brixton, everybody glad to leave it except Cerberus, who lives by it. O Logic! O Tom! O Jerry! *May your Children never tread in the Steps of their Fathers!* O Mr. Pringle! O Jack! *O tempore! O mores!* Collars, but no chains—Remorse of Conscience—Insurrection amongst the Greeks–The disconsolate Queen of *Rouge et Noir*—How to turn your back on a misfortune, or to wear the Marks of Public Disgrace without knowing it yourself—Visitors to the Mill—Grief and Joy—Mrs. Pringle's rebuke—the salutary Effects of the Mill beginning to shew themselves—A newly-projected Act of Parliament, likely to prove equally as beneficial to married People, as the Marriage-Act doubtless has done to some who are yet single—

THE TREAD-MILL;

OR,

TOM AND JERRY AT BRIXTON.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Breakfast Parlour in Hog's Norton Hall, with a large Window opening to a view of the High Road to London, evinced by a Hand-post. Mr. Pringle, Mrs. Pringle, Jack, and Miss Pringle at breakfast; Peter and Moggy waiting, occasionally bringing in and adjusting Trunks, &c. Old Pringle reading the News.

Old P. Ah! ha! ha! I wonder what next they'll think of; not content with making fire run under the ground, boats go by steam, and carriages to move without horses, hang me, if they havn't invented a mill to answer all the purpose of a seven years' transportation: well here I have lived in Hog's Norton, gentleman and Jack-of-all-sorts, upwards of fifty years, and I never heard of such a circumstance before; not in the whole course of my life.

Mrs. P. Husband, husband, I must beg you'll not let me hear again of your having been a Jack-of-all-sorts, I abominate the recollection; is it for us to remind every body that we have been green grocers, braziers, and I know not what else.

Old P. But then we saved all our money by being green grocers, wife, and why should an Englishman ever be ashamed of acknowledging the honest means that rendered him independent.

Mrs. P. Pshaw! a pretty story to tell in London, husband: I wish now I had made up my mind to go with you, I am so much better acquainted with town than your are.

Old P. Yes, I believe you passed a fortnight there, with Mrs. Splitfig, our old sugar merchant's wife, somewhere about the Minories.

Mrs. P. Still more illusions.—Johnny, child, why don't you eat? you needn't be so anxious about the coach, little Bobby, the scare-crow boy, has been watching for it these two hours, he'll run and tell us as soon as it comes in sight.

Jack. La, ma! I can't eat for thinking of London, I'm so eager to be off. Peter, have you put my new patent-top boots into the hat-box?

Peter. O, yes, Master Jackey.

Old P. And don't forget my great coat and scarlet comforter.

Peter. O no, sir.

Jack. And, Peter, be sure you don't forget to fix on my revolving heels.

Peter. Law, sir, they don't go to fix.

Jack. And I say, Peter, put my plated spurs into one of my night-caps to keep them bright; I shall want to cut a dash when I gets to London.

Peter. Dickens! but that's a sharp thought, young master.

Mrs. P. Moggy, has you put the cold beef and tongue into the basket?

Mog. Yes, an here 'tis, wi a little we hole at ane o'the corners for Maister Jacky to ninch a piece now and then, as he gangs a'the way to Lunnun.

Mrs. P. That's right, Moggy. Now, Jack, don't get into any of your foolish scrapes, don't be laughing with the saucy hussies about London, don't be giving them—

Jack. A roll there, Peter, can't you hear.

Peter. O yes, master, I hears.

Mrs. P. And be sure you keep your promise, husband, and don't take Johnny to see the lions, they might get out; don't go to Vaux-hall by water. (*Moggy listens.*)

Old P. (*To Miss P.*) Why, Betty, chick, what's the matter? you don't speak.

Miss P. (*Sobbing.*) I think, ma and I ought to go to London, that's what I do.

Jack. There, Bess, don't you go for to make things uncomfortable, you'll go next year. Dad and I ought to take a trip by ourselves first; don't we, Dad? Now if you cry, hang me if I'll bring you any thing home, see if I do. (*Aside.*) Who knows but I may become quite as notorious as our young squire, Jerry Hawthorn, did.

Mrs. P. Sweet sensibility! Johnny you must write every day.

Jack. Law, ma! what find time to write a letter in Londn?

Old P. The dear boy will be pleasuring, I'll write for him.

Mrs. P. That won't do, Mr. Pringle, I insist on having my own way in this *pu*rticular instance.

Old P. Yes, and in all other *pu*rticular instances I think; well, dear, he shall write. One kiss, chick! one kiss, Betsy. (*to Miss Pringle.*)

Mrs. P. Betsy, indeed! will you never learn to say Elizabeth!

Miss P. Yes, pa! Betsy is so vulgar, as ma observes. Jack, don't forget to bring me a new white beaver hat and red feathers, that the people may stare at me when I go into the church.

Jack. Well done, Bess, and so forget the parson; ha! ha!

Mrs. P. And, Mr. Pringle, before you fools away all your money, recollect I wants a rustling silk gown, like what our squire's wife wears, that has made so much noise of late.

Clapper heard without.

Old P. That's little Bobby, then the coach is coming.

JACK *and* PETER *run to the window.*

Mrs. P. Mr. Pringle, don't dine at no ordinary dinners, they are very expensive.

Mr. P. My dear, you know I hate *ordinary* dinners.

Jack and Peter. The coach! the coach!

BOBBY *enters running with his clappers round the stage.*

Bob. Coachee! coachee! coachee!

Old P. My coat! my hat!

Jack. My gloves! my cane!

Mrs. P. Tie up your throat, Johnny.—Button your gaiters, Mr. Pringle.—Moggy! Elizabeth! lend a hand can't you—stupid! (*Bobby's clapper heard*) silence that boy.

Mrs. Pringle and Miss Pringle are busily employed about Jack and Old Pringle, Moggy assisting, Peter loads himself with boxes under which he frequently falls.—Horn sounds—coach drives up to the window.

Old P. and Jack. Coachee! coachee! stay ho! now good bye! (*embrace*)

Miss P. Dear Jack, don't forget the hat and feathers! oh! oh!

Mrs. P. Don't forget to tye up your throats; oh! oh!

Old P. (*looking significantly at Jack.*) I suppose I must be affected—good bye! good bye! oh! oh!

Jack. Now, dad, heigh for London! come along, dad, come along. [*Exeunt.* (*Seen to get on the coach thro' the window, when all are gone, except Moggy and Peter.*)

Mog. (*Wiping her eyes.*) Oh! oh! oh! Peter!

Peter. Oh! oh! oh! Moggy.

Mog. Now your aif for Lunnun, don't ye be ganging till get anither sweetheart.

Peter. No, Moggy, and while I bes out, don't you go for to go along with Sam Knockemstrait, the blacksmith; I know he has a hankering arter ye.—

Mog. An don't ye gang to see the lions, as Misses mention'd.

Peter. The lions! bless you're heart, Moggy, they are all confoined, like.

Mog. Confined, oh! what, I suppose the canty Lunnunners ha' gone and putten strait waistcoats on till the puir dumb beastesses.

Peter. To be sure they has, Moggy.

Mog. An don't ye be ganging till *Fox-hole*, by water, as Misses said to Maister.

Peter. *Fox*-hall, stupid! never fear, I'll keep out of such sly places.

Mog. (*As Peter is going.*) Come back, Peter; in case ye shoudn't ha siller enow take twa or three o' my sheelings. (*pulls out a box.*

Peter. Put up your money, Mog, I've got three and sixpence, and if that on't pay for a day or two's pleasure in Lunnun, 'tis very odd. God bless ye, Moggy, when I gets home again, and the new Marriage Act is dislocated, we'll become one, we will.

Mog. And before too, Peter, I hope, or it will be vary unpleasant to I.

Jack. (*From the coach.*) I say, Peter, are you coming, because, we are going.

Peter. Step up this corner, Moggy, let's have a parting kiss.

Mog. (*Aloud, as he goes out.*) Oh! oh! oh! hadna, ye better bring the wedding ring before ye come back, oh! oh! gude bye, Peter! [*Runs to the window and waves her apron as the coach drives off—horn—*

SCENE II.

A Room in Hostess Lemonsqueezer's House.

Enter FLOURISH.

Flo. What a wretch am I, for refusing to comply with

the unjust demands of my father, forbid to enter his house, and compelled to seek an existence in this great mart of pleasure, and vice, London ; if I desert the pursuit of a gambler! alas! I have nothing, but poverty, to stare me in the face! Beneath this infamous roof, I was cheated of all my father's sternness left me, and beneath it, I am now necessitated, driven by a tide of circumstances, to prey upon the unwary—but I'll abandon this course of life—could I but escape—

Enter MRS. LEMONSQUEEZER.

Mrs. L. Here are your friends, Mr. Shuffle and Mr. Trumps, they've just discovered that one Mr. Pringle, and his, son, two proper subjects for your ingenuity, are staying at the next hotel, the old man is rich, and the young one quite a Johnny Raw ; a newly imported Jerry, I suppose. Ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Flo. This is the result of bad society ;—now must I perforce enter into the schemes of my landlady and these her friends, or expect to be sent to prison for £50 due to her for lodging. Oh, honesty! honesty! thy standard once deserted, how painful it is to bear the invincible lacerations of conscience ;—how difficult to regain the paths of virtue. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Pringle Hall.

Enter MOGGY, *darning a stocking.*

Mog. My mind somehow sairly misgies me: Peter will be after ganging na gude gait in Lunnon : what beesness had he to mention sic a thing as this new Marriage Act? I've a great mind to rin awa' fra sarvice, and follow him by waggon, and gang, and ask his Majesty, if he will be sa gude, as to tell me if there really is sic a thing as the new Marriage Act in Lunnon ; and I'm sure he is too gude a king to prevent a puir girl from getting a husband when the mon's i'the humour.

SONG.

AIR—*We're a noddin, &c.*

While the bells ringing, ring, ring, ringing,
While the bells ringing at our kirk at hame ;
And the birds singing, sing, sing singing,
And the birds singing a'our joys proclaim.
Let the lads look blithe, and the lasses gay,
As they trip it o'er the green upon our wedding day.
While the bells, &c.

Then the lads dying, die, die, dying,
Then the lads dying, linger for a kiss;
And the maids sighing, sigh, sigh, sighing,
And the maids sighing, burn to answer yes.
Let the lads be blithe and the lasses gay, &c.
As they, &c.

Enter MISS PRINGLE.

Miss. For my part, Moggy, I cannot think how you can sing; I'm so dull, and mopish; without Jack I've nothing left to teize, except you and the kitten.

Mog. I think, miss, 'tis very strange of maister till think o'ganging up to Lunnon without you and missus: I ken weel enow when I gets a husband, he shall never gang and take his pleasure without me.

Enter MRS. PRINGLE.

Mrs. P. What's that, Moggy?

Mog. I dinna say nat naithing, marm.

Miss. O! if I wont tell ma what you said! Ma!

Mog. There, miss, ye wouldna—

Mrs. P. I insist upon knowing. *(Moggy hides her face in her apron.*

Miss. She said, ma, if she'd a husband, she'd go to London when he went to London; and so say I.
(*Claps her hands.*)

Mrs. P. Indeed! upon my word this is very pretty.

Mog. (Taking courage.) Yes, an' so I wad, for I think men are a deal more fitterer to be taken care on, than they are to take care o' themselves. Law, I've heard sic a tale aboot Lunnon.

Mrs. P. Will you please to mind your own business.

Miss. What was it, Moggy? do tell us.

Mog. A dreadfu' tale, miss; it makes me feel as if my head w'ere a' full of thumps and bumps, like a ginger grater; an' as tho' my puir fingers were naithing mair than thread-papers.

Miss. (Impatiently.) Well, well, but what was it?

Mog. Why, she said that in Lunnon, a gude young mon, a very young mon, miss, like our Jack, or our Peter, walked out of his ain door, and he walked, and he walked, and he walked, till he niver came back again. (*Bursts into tears.*

Miss. (*Bursting into tears.*) Oh! oh! ma! if pa and Jack, should walk and walk, and never come back again.

Mrs. P. Child, child, you quite alarm me.

Mog. If my puir Peter, niver come back again, I shall never get not no husband at all. *(Knocking at the door.*

Mrs. P. Moggy, there's some one at the door; why dont you stir? Who can it be at this time, I wonder. Walk, and walk, and walk, indeed! [*Exit, and re-enter* MOGGY.

Mog. Marm, here's little Bobby has found this paper parcel which he says, must have dropped fra' auld maister's pocket as he was getting into coach.

Mrs. P. As I live, 'tis Mr. Pringle's memorandum-book! O, was there ever such a careless man! no more fit to be trusted by himself, than a child—I'll inquire were abouts the boy found it. [*Exit.*

Miss. (*Who has taken the book.*) Oh! here's the plan of what pa' intends to go and see in London! On Monday, take Jack to St. Paul's, there now, Jack's going to St. Paul's, On Tuesday, to Westminster Abbey—on Wednesday,—that's rubbed out.

Mog. I say, miss, a thought's just come into my head, I'll tell you what do, an we shall a' gang to Lunnon.

Miss. What, Moggy.

Mog. Write, on Wednesday, gang and see the lions.

Miss. (*After hesitating.*) So I will—Pa promised not to go. [*Writes.*

Mog. On Thursday, to Fox hole, by water.

Miss. (*Writes.*) On Thursday, to Vauxhall, by water.

Mog. Now show that to missus.

Miss. O Ma! do but read!

Enter, Mrs. P.

Mrs. P. (*Reading.*) What do I see! on Wednesday, go to see the lions!—on Thursday to Vauxhall by water! Oh! the barbarous man, oh, my poor head—I am deceived! imposed upon! ill treated! abused! a chair, Moggy, a chair there! I must faint! I will faint! O—h. [*Sinks back into a chair.*

Mog. (*Fanning her with the stocking, that she has been darning.*) Marm, take my advice, an be ganging after them.

Miss. Oh! do, dear ma! I'm sure Jack won't recollect to tie up his throat, he'll catch cold and die; don't you think so, Moggy?

Mog. O, yes! an now I remember I saw sic a winding sheet i'the candle last night.

Mrs. P. Oh, Moggy! say no more, I am outwitted, made a fool of, but you see Providence decrees I should find out their wicked plans, or Mr. Pringle hadn't dropped his Guy Fox's memorandums; but he shall soon see me at his

heels: I'll set out by the next stage; my poor Jack will be drownded. To Vauxhall by water, indeed! follow me, child, he shall soon see I'm not to be made a dupe of so easily; lose no time, child, since it is come to this, you shall go too, think to make a dupe of me! ugh! [*Exit.*

Mog. This is just as it should be, miss; I'll rin and put on my Sunday claithes.

Miss Your Sunday clothes, Moggy!

Mog. To be sure! do you think I'll stay at home? na, na, miss, that'll never do for Moggy.

Miss. And who knows but we may both get married in London, and why shouldn't we as well as ma' did.

DUET—"*Over the hills and far away*".

Miss. P. *Where the beaux with dashing air,*
Flash along the crowded street,
Quick to London we'll repair,
There each charming sight to greet.

Mog. *Where my ain gude Peter strays,*
Nane to me so spruce as he,
There I'd gladdest pass my days,
There most happy wou'd I be.

Both. *Yes, to London let us go,*
There to see the park and play,
There each gay delight to know,
Over the hills and far away, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street in London, Hotel, and Windows exhibiting Bills, Ox-tail Soup, &c.

Enter OLD PRINGLE *and* JACK.

Old P. Come along, Jack, if your are not fatigued, I am; O, this London! first with the jumbling of carts, the jolting of coaches, and the cries of fruit-women, oyster-women, all sorts of women, I'm nearly distracted.

Jack. Talk of women! I say, dad, did you see those beautiful, goodnatured women we passed just now?

Old P. O fie, Jack! they are not mentionable.

Jack. Why not, dad? where's the harm of admiring pretty girls? if that be a crime what's to become of all the young men in this fine place?

Old P. Ha, ha, true, my boy. *(Aside.)* He's a chip of the

old block.—You must not make such remarks before your mother, Jack, no, no, that would never do.

Jack. Let me alone for that, dad; but where is Peter all this time I wonder. O, ha, ha, do but look here.

Enter PETER, *with black eyes.*

Why, Peter, black's the white of your eye.

Peter. O! master Jack, I've been knocked down by mistake.

Old P. By mistake! I never heard the like.

Peter. Yes, sir, I was just standing to see the two giants in Swift street—

Jack. Fleet street, blockhead!

Peter. Yes, sir, I was just standing to see the two giants strike the clock, when somebody struck I by mistake, as they said; then I lay sprawling in the puddle, for all the world like a hunted rat in a horsepond, till some gemmen told I to get up and wipe I's face a bit, (*displays a dirty handkerchief*) and then he was so kind as to axt me how I did and who I belonged to. So I told him, seeing he was so polite, who's sarvant I be'd and all about it, ye see, and he desired me to give his coffliments.

Old P. Bless my soul! how civil these Londoners are, after all!

Peter. Arter all indeed; they knocks a body down without any ceremony, then lifts him up again, and say 'tis all a mistake.

Jack. Never mind, Peter, 'tis only a lark as my book of Life in London says. Ha! ha! ha! they should have had me to deal with, ha, ha. *(putting his hands into his breeches pocket.)*—O! dad! O!

Old P. Why, what's the matter?

Jack. I've lost all my money!

Peter. His money, ha, ha, ha! *(feeling into his pocket)* O! dear, O! dear, my poor three and sixpence! all gone.

Old P. Well this is droll; you should be more careful; but Jack, my lad, you must not be without money. *(feeling in his pockets finds them empty.)* Why, Jack, my money's gone too.

Jack. What shall we do, dad? who will trust us?

Old P. Trust us! I begin to think, Jack, as your mother says, we are not fit to be trusted. [*Walks about.*

Peter. O! my poor three and sixpence! if this is Life in London, knocked down by mistake at one end of the street and robbed in downright arnest at t'other, I shall soon wish myself at Hog's Norton again.

Old P. Luckily, Jack, your mother would sew up best part of my money in a corner of the waistcoat, I left in my trunk; your mother must never know of this ha! ha! ha!

Jack. No, dad; well I'm glad all's not gone, for I've bought nothing yet, except a pound of gingerbread buttons and a bottle of Atkinson's curling fluid.

Old P. Now, Jack, we'll go in and forget our losses, and see a dinner in style;—no blabbing.

Jack. I know very well, as we say at Hog's Norton, when I've gotten the right bull by the tail.

Peter. (*reading.*) Ox-tail supe.

Jack. Ox-tail soup! What nasty stuff is that!

Old P. O! some new dish or other; odds! but this is going to extremities indeed, for a new invention; but, come, Jack, let us in;—mum's the word at home,—we'll have such a dinner! ha, ha, ha.

Jack. Now to see dinner in style, Peter, mind you take hint.

[*Exeunt Old P. and Jack into hotel.*

Peter. Yes, I'll take an int. Ox-tail supe! they wont get I to take any of that. I can't bear the thought of it—this Lunnon seems a wery queer place, they neither walk, drink, nor eats like other people.

SONG.

O, Lunnon! seems but a werry queer place,
So full of confusion and bother;
Here rogues of all sorts and of every race,
Lie in ambush to rob one another.
If you stay in the street but to gaze at a sight,
The dandies they do so jeer one,
With ho, ha! Johnny Raw, get your nob screw'd on right,
Odds dickens! the place is a queer one.
Odds dickens, &c.

I only just ax'd at the high noon day,
Where to see lions wash'd I'd a place get,
And they jeeringly laugh'd, as they walk'd away,
Johnny Raw there is not awake yet.
So I rubb'd both my eyes as you'll guess in a huff,
And says I, tho' you thinks for to jeer one,
Tho' asleep as you guess, still I see plain enough.
Odds dickens, &c.

Enter MRS. PRINGLE, MISS, *and* MOUGY.

Mrs. P. This is the house.

Miss. O, ma! what a delightful place London is—such handsome young men!

Mrs. P. Fie, child! at your age;—why, Moggy! *(Moggy has hold of her mistress' gown.)*

Mog. O dear, marm, I'm sair afraid to be lost, and I don't see Peter.

Mrs. P. Never fear, this is the place in which I expects to find him.

Mog. Weel, only to think of missus discovering a house in Lunnon; 'tis an extrordinary place, and what surprises me most of a' is, that people walks on their feet and not on their heads as I ha been told.

Mrs. P. Now, child, this way. [*Exeunt into the Inn, Moggy tumbles.*

SCENE V.

A Dinner in an Hotel.—several Tables filled, the most prominent one by OLD PRINGLE, JACK, *&c.* PETER *waiting behind.*

SHUFFLE, TRUMPS, OLD PRINGLE, and JACK.

Jack. (rather tipsy.) Dad, this *is* coming it in style, as my Jerry book says.

Old P. Ah! what would your mother and Bet think to see us now.

Jack. Ha! ha; they are far enough off, dad, ha! ha!

Peter. Laud! what would Moggy say to such a power of fine gentlemen?

Trumps. (drinking to old P.) Allow me, sir, the honour!

Old P. (rising in haste, pulls the table-cloth off, dishes, &c.) Sir, the honour's mine!

Jack. (to Shuf.) Allow me, sir, the honour!

Shuf. (drinks.) Sir, I'm proud.

Enter WAITER.

A place for Sir Simon Flourish!

Trumps, (as Flourish enters,) Sir Simon, your most obedient, *(aside, and pointing to Old P.)* this is he; we've agreed as to the quarrel; you must *appear* to defend him.

Flo. Glad to see you, am, upon my honor.

Jack. Law, dad, here's fine gentlemen for you; why we might have dined at the Pig and Harrow, at Hog's Norton, a hundred times, and never have met with the like,—I'm quite dash'd.

Old P. Jack, imitate me, that's all; imitate me, and you will be sure to be taken for *somebody.*

Peter. By mistake, as I was—hem, hem!

Jack. (giving a plate.) Don't you pretend to open your ignorant mouth in this here place, Peter.

Peter. (eating.) I can't help it, master Jack.

Old P. (to Flourish.) Sir,—sir,—sir Solomon, Simon, I mean, will you condescend to sit by us, we shall be highly condescended to by your condescension, I can assure you.

Flo. I beg, sir, you will not put yourself out of the way on my acconnt, sir,—sir,—sir.

Old P. No, sir; Mister Pringle, Esquire, of Hog's Norton, at your service, Sir Simon.

Jack. (to Peter) How dad smooths him down, Peter!

Old P. (Aside to Jack.) Hem! see how familiar we are become already, Jack! I, think if our friends at Hog's Norton knew we were dining in the same room with a *barrownight!*

Jack. And I say, if these great men did but know you'd kept a shop of all sorts.

Old P. (stopping his mouth.) Damn it, Jack, hold your foolish tongue.

(Loud talking at a table in another part of the room, as if quarrelling.

One. What right had you to laugh when I was speaking?

Another. What right had you to speak while I was laughing?

Harry, (coming forward,) I say, yes, sir.

Another. I say no, no, no.

Flo. Some dispute.

Old P. What, a dispute! I'll soon settle the matter, now, gentlemen. *(Harry pushing him back violently.)* Sir, you are rude.

Jack. (throwing himself in a boxing attitude.) Don't touch my dad, sir, or I'll soon let you see I know a little about *Crib*bage.

Flo. Who dares to insult these worthy gentlemen, shall answer for his conduct.

Old P. Thank you, sir Simon, ah, who dares?

Harry. Sir, I insist on satisfaction.

Peter. (to Jack.) Give him a Hog's Norton hug, master Jack.

All. Satisfaction! satisfaction!

A regular tumult commences—Henry throwing wine into old P.'s face—the tables are upset—a cook enters with dish of beef—is thrown down—Jack's

clothes are rent—plates roll—knives and forks fly in different directions—Flourish occasionally defends old Pringle. In the midst of the fight enter Mrs. Pringle, Miss, and Moggy—Moggy knocks down the cook with her pattens, to rescue Peter—old P. sinks aghast at the sight of his wife —Miss faints into the arms of Flourish—Mrs. Pringle in the arms of Jack.

[*Scene falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Hotel—Mr. P. Mrs. P. Miss, Jack, and Flourish, seated at Breakfast.

Mrs. P. 'Tis very well, Mr. Pringle, I thought of following your course to London, or there's no telling what might have been the result of your inexperience. I always say you have *not no* more judgment in you than an infant; contrary to my parting injunctions, to sit at a public *hordinary*, and *squeege* yourself into a quarrel, where, but for the polite interference of *Sir* Simon—

Flourish. O, madam! don't mention it, I beg; I was interested, I was 'pon my honour.

Old P. Wife—

Mrs. P. Wife! why ca'nt you call me Mrs. Pringle, or Mrs. P.

Old P. I'm sure, wife, damn it, you are not my wife, Mrs. Pringle, I mean, 'tis'nt a sign of good manners to entertain *Sir* Simon with our matrimonial disputes.

Mrs. P. I trusts I knows how to behave myself, Mr. Pringle, so as not to make people look small in other people's eyes! Jacky, child, don't eat so much muffin. Sir Simon, I sip your health.

Miss. Indeed, pa', I thought ma' would have fainted after you went away.

Old P. Fainted! I wish, with all my heart, she'd lain in a trance till I returned.

Flourish. The fact is, madam, Mr. Pringle should have known somebody capable of gu'ding him about town, as he's an entire stranger to the customs of the Metropolis. I

shall have much pleasure in becoming his pilot; I shall, 'pon my honour.

Old P. No, will you; that's kind, and I am much obliged, *Sir* Simon.

Mrs. P. This is delightful! *(to Miss, aside)* Laud, if they should put us into the papers—Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, and all the family of the Pringles, conducted by *Sir* Simon Flourish, went to visit the royal—royal—royal wax-work.

Miss. Oh, ma! what would Mrs. Sneerum say, at Hog's Norton.

Flourish. Mr. Pringle, I have to visit a few men of fashion, in the course of an hour, and shall be proud to introduce you.

Old P. (looking at his wife.) Shall I go.

Mrs. P. To be sure! only to think what a *hop*portunity it will be for Jack to learn how to behave himself. Sir Simon you'll dine with us.

Flourish. With pleasure, madam.

Jack. We dines at two, Sir Simon.

Mrs. P. Dolt! We dines at four, Sir Simon! we only snacks at two,

Old P. And after dinner we'll blow a cloud together; I've got some of the best Orronoka.

Mrs. P. By your horrid mistakes, Mr. Pringle, you'll make me faint. Do you think a gentleman of *Sir* Simon's *sus*pectability would smoke a vulgar pipe. *Sir* Simon, we shall *sus*pect you, you'll honour us.

Flourish. Certainly, madam.

Mrs. P. In the mean time, Miss Pringle and myself will call at our milliner's.

Miss. Our milliner's! la, ma!

Mrs. P. Hush, child! you are as stupid as your father.

Jack. Shall we go now?

Flourish. By all means.

Miss. Don't forget that you are to dine with us, *Sir* Simon, I shall be anxious for your return.

Flourish. What simplicity! what innocence! blended with so much beauty.

Mrs. P. Elizabeth!

Enter PETER.

Peter. Sir, here's a gentleman as comes all the way from Essex, to see you, because he heard you were in Lunnon like, and calls himself Mr. Dingle.

Mrs. P. Mr. Dingle, Mr. Pringle?

Old P. What, my old friend, Charley Dingle, the hop-marchant; bless my heart, shew him up. [*Exit Peter.*

Flourish. By heavens! my father! how is it possible for me to avoid him.

Old P. Now, Sir Simon, I will introduce you to one of the honestest men in the kingdom.

Flourish. Excuse me, sir, 'tis very unmannerly to leave the room immediately after an introduction, and, as I have a quarter of an hour's appointment, with your permission I will go out this way.

Mrs. P. Certainly, Sir Simon, Mister Dingle is a very plain man, quite unfitted for your *hin*lightened society.

Old P. Let me tell you, Mrs. Pringle, an honest man is fit for the proudest society in the world.

Jack. Well done, dad.

Flourish. But if I stay I must disappoint my lord Numble Pumble.

Mrs. P. (shewing him the door.) My *lord* Numble Pumble! that is your way out of the house, *Sir* Simon.

Flourish. In a quarter of an hour, then, Mr. Pringle—ladies, your most obedient. [*Exit.*

Re-enter PETER.

Peter. Here's Mister Dingle, master.

Enter DINGLE.

Dingle, (embraces.) Mr. Pringle.

Old P. Mr. Dingle! why whoever thought of seeing you in London; bless me, how well you look; but how the deuce came you to find me out here; I am uncommonly glad to see you, *(shaking hands.)* How are hops? How is Mrs. Dingle, and all the little Dingles?

Mrs. P. Mr. Pringle, you forget.

Old P. (*introducing his wife.*) Oh, I forgot the fashion—Mrs. Pringle, Mr. Dingle; Master Jacky and Miss Betsy Pringle.

Miss. Betsy, now; O, ma! I must faint.

Dingle. My old friend, you'r indeed a happy man, in such a family. I had a son, but I permitted him to come to London alone, and—

Old P. Alone! that was foolish; you should have done like me; I came up with my son.

Mrs. P. And a pretty up you'd have made of it without me.

Dingle. And this is Miss Betsy Pringle!

Old P. Yes, sir, and a clever *gal* she is.

Mrs. P. Hold up your head, child. Yes, sir, my daughter can play you a tune on the *pianny*, and make not nothing at all of it.

Dingle. That's exactly what I can make of my son.

Old P. Your son—but tell me.

Mrs. P. Yes, sir, she can flourish you the Battle of Plague, and finger you such an overture to a Load of Whiskey.

Old P. Accomplished, like her mother.

Jack. I say, dad, can't you think of a few of my perfections? I can shoot rooks—I can—

Mrs. P. Jacky, don't be so rude.

Old P. But your son. I'm so glad you found us here, *(shaking hands again.)*

Dingle. Well, as I told you, I sent my boy to London, he got into bad company, and led, as I heard, a sad life, so I picked him out a lady, with whom I thought he'd be happy; but he refused to marry her, consequently I forbid him my house, and resolve to see him no more.

Old P. That's very unreasonable.

Dingle. I begin to think it is, and am now in London for the purpose of reclaiming him; I may forgive him his disobedience, but one thing I know not how to overlook.

Old P. Ah! what's that.

Dingle. The impertinent puppy, in his very last letter, had the impudence to mistake a very sensible group of asses, which I sent him to copy, of my own drawing, for a damned litter of pigs.

[*The family of the Pringles all stifle a laugh.*

Old P. 'Twas insupportable.

Dingle. Sir, it s a complete oversight of taste, but I'll endeavour to think no more of it.

Mrs. P. Mr. Pringle, recollect you have a special engagement. I am sure Mr. Dingle will excuse it.

Dingle. Use no ceremony with me; besides, I have many places to call at.

Old P. But you'll dine with us.

Dingle. With all my heart.

Old P. Now Jack, my boy! (*To Dingle.*) We'll find your son, depend on it; the young fellows are sad dogs now-a-days. I say, don't you recollect when we went to school on the common, our robbing the parson's orchard. Ha! ha! ha. How well you look. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Old P. and Jack.*

Dingle. Ladies, if you are not engaged for an hour or so, perhaps, as I shall have occasion to stop at several places of resort, you'll take a ride with me in a Hackney coach.

Mrs. P. O! certainly; it will be quite an *inter*lectual *der*version. Moggy, Moggy, I say, (*enter Moggy,*) bring our bonnets and shawls, (*exit Moggy*). Mr. Pringle will be quite surprised to hear of our being out. Ha, ha, well, I do like a little innocent hinnuendo.

Enter MOGGY, *with Bonnets, &c.*

Miss. Now, Moggy, now, ma—now, sir, we are quite ready.

Mrs. P. Where's Peter?

Moggy. an alang wi Maister Jack, marm.

Mrs. P. Then I tell you what you shall do, Moggy—you shall ride through the streets on the Dicky.

Miss. Now, Moggy, come. [*Exeunt.*

Moggy, (*alone.*) I ride through the streets of Lunnon on a Dicky! law! law! what gait will they make a puir simple lassie like me gang next, I wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter Flourish, Old Pringle, Jack, and Peter meeting Trumps and Shuffle, differently dressed.

Trumps. Ah! Sir Simon, good morning, we were positively dying of *ennui* for your society.

Shuffle. Flat as Champaign, half cork'd, without you, on my soul, Sir Simon.

Flourish. Mr. Shuffle, Mr. Trumps, John Pringle, Esq. Mr. Pringle.

Trumps and *Shuffle, (bowing.)* Gentlemen, your obedient servants.

Old P. and *Jack,* (*bowing.*) Gentlemen, your *devoted* servants.

Trumps, (*aside.*) We hope so.

Flourish. This old man's daughter—I cannot forget her—I'll abandon this design—her father shall not be imposed upon. Shall we proceed.

Trumps. O! we cannot part so soon: what say ye, gentlemen to a game of Rouge et Noir? only a harmless game.

Jack. I've read of that, dad; I should like it of all things; I've often wished to know how its done.

Flourish. Another time, perhaps.

Jack. Why not now?

Trumps. I perceive you'r a man of spirit.

Jack, (strutting, and clapping old P. *on the shoulders.)* I believe I am; and so's dad: ar'nt you, dad?

Old P. Yes, my boy; but Jack, your mother must never be told this.

Shuffle. The table is at hand.

Flourish. These gentlemen are expert at the game, 'pon honour.

Jack. So much the better, Sir Simon; only ask dad what a one I am at cribbage. Leave me to nick 'em.

Trumps, (aside.) What the deuce does Flourish mean?

Shuffle. I suspect we shall have to *cut* his acquaintance. Knock at the door.

Trumps knocks at the door—a man first looks through a grating, and opens it with caution.

Old P. Bless me, here seems a deal of precaution; one would think it was a prison.

As Flourish is about to reply, Trumps comes before him.

Trumps (to Old P.*)* There are so many fellows about town, who pass themselves off for gentlemen, sir, the proprietor of the table is forced to be careful; 'tis n't every body he *can* let in. This way, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Peter, *(alone.)* Now, if I had'nt been robbed of my three and sixpence, who knows what I might have done with it here. [*Exit.*

Enter Bob Claw *and* Will Duffer.

Bob. Here, my boy, this is the ouse.

Will. But, vere's Lavender Drops.

Bob. Be on the alert, he's hup.

Will. Vy, ow?

Bob. Vy, don't you know, Sam's bribed the vaiter to let him in on the houtside.

Will. I thought they only let people in on the hinside there; but vere's long Bill all this time, I vonder.

Bob. O, damn it! don't talk of long Bills, but mind your high! be avake! *Lavender Drops, open the window.* Now, my lads, softly, softly, *(puts down a rope ladder.)*

Will, (pointing to ladder.) I suppose this is vat you'd call a Lavender Drop.

Bob. Hush! hush! *(Motions several officers, and they go up the ladder, some fall, &c.*

Air—*Here we go, up, up, up.*

SCENE III.

A Gambling Room ; Rouge et Noir *Tables, and Rules over the Chimney Piece—a Screen—old* P. *Jack, Flourish, Trumps, Shuffle, &c. at play—Peter looking on—Voices in an under tone, crying, red ! black !*

Flourish. They'll certainly be fleeced of every farthing.

Old P. There, I said I should soon see through it; why I win every game.

Jack. So do I, dad; let the Hog's Norton folks alone to be up to these Cockneys.

Old P. We wo'nt say a word about our winnings at home.

Jack. No, no, no.

Peter, (*impatiently.*) Laud, laud, if I had my poor three and sixpence, what a mort of money I might make. I always beats Moggy at three halfpenny tricket.

Old P. Double or quits !

Jack. That's right, dad, double or quits.

Trumps and *Flourish.* Mine ! mine ! red looses.

Jack and old P. *come forward.*

Jack. I've lost all my money.

Old P. So have I, Jack.

Jack. I say, dad, we'd better not mention *this* at home.

Old P. O, my head ! I am very ill.

Trumps. Gentlemen, won't you return to the table ?

Old P. I must beg to—I am very unwell, sir.

Jack, (*aside.*) I think we'd better be off, or they'll laugh at us.

Trumps. It's a very interesting game, is'nt it, sir ? Ha, ha, ha.

Old P. Ha, ha, ha! O yes ! very interesting, ha, ha, ha, —curse the game, what will Mrs. Pringle say.

Shuffle, (*to Jack.*) You know all about it by this time, sir.

Jack, (*putting his hands into his pockets.*) Yes, I *feel* I do.

Trumps. Very good ! very good ! the gentleman's a member of the Funny Club, I suspect.

All. Ah, ah ! ah !

Enter Mrs. LEMONSQUEEZER, *from stage door.*

Mrs. L. Gentlemen, here are three old acquaintances coming up from the next room.

Shuffle and *Trumps.* Who ? who ?

Mrs. L. Logic, Tom, and Jerry.

Old P. Indeed ! then I begin to fear we are in worse

company than I expected; for I've heard those young fellows are sad dogs.

Jack. O, dad, the very persons I wish so much to see; they are the true sprigs of life in London. But, dad, Jerry knows something of us; if he should mention our having been a Jack of all sorts, we shall get toss'd in a blanket.

Old P. O, that I had never left Hog's Norton.

Several voices. Here they are!

Enter, LOGIC, TOM, *and* JERRY, *shaking hands, &c. Exit* MRS. LEMONSQUEEZER.

All. Rouge et Noir! Rouge et Noir.

They all go to the table, except Jerry, who looks at old P.

Jerry, (*shaking hands.*) My old neighbours! why I should have as soon expected to see the church steeple of Hog's Norton on the summit of the tower, as to see you two among the votaries of life in London.

Old P. It's all your fault, my young 'squire; the fame of your larks and sprees has extended to every part of the country. Even Jack, here, would never let me rest till I brought him to see life in London, but I fancy his ardour is already on the decline.

Jerry, (*shaking hands.*) Jack, I'm not so glad to meet you here, as I shall be to see you at Hawthorn Hall. I'll convince you, 'ere long, all is not fame that wears the glare of public approbation. It's one thing to be notorious, and another to be popular. This is no time for explanation —are you for *Rouge et Noir?*

Jack. We've lost all the blunt, as you would say, Jerry.

Jerry. Ha, ha, ha, the old story; however, take my advice—abandon fashion of this kind. I begin to find out, that the approbation of the few, is better than the plaudits of the many. Your presence, my boys, brings to my recollection the pleasant vales and green hills of Hawthorn, through which I have so often joined the fox hunt, which, at all events, is better than a wild-goose chase, where the pursuit is folly, and the loss health and reputation.

Old P. Jerry, I expected to see you a harum-scarum, but I declare you talk like a methodist parson; Mrs. Pringle herself must forgive you.

Enter MRS. LEMONSQUEEZER, *in haste.*

Mrs. L. O, gentlemen! the officers—the officers, are making their way from the attic.

Jerry. (*to old P.*) Now for a new adventure—to pay for being in a gambling house.

Old P. A gambling house! Jack, what will become of us?
Jack. O, dad!
Peter. O, Moggy!
Flourish. We shall all be dragged before a magistrate
Shuffle. How shall I cut the company?

A general confusion to escape—old P. gets up the Chimney, followed by Peter and Jack—Tom, Logic, and Jerry, with Mrs. Lemonsqueezer, creep under the table, the rest into Closets, &c. Enter Officers, who upset the table—a scuffle ensues—the other characters discovered. Mrs. L's clothes torn —old P. puts his head and feet through the Club Rules; he is blacked—Jack pulled out in the same predicament.

Bob Claw. I say, my old one, there, you've got into the rules, but you wont escape our clutches.
Police. Ha, ha, ha! I should think, gemmen, you'll stand a chance of soon being in the mill.
Jack. The mill!
Bob Claw. Yes, the Brixton Mill.
All. Oh! oh! oh!

Chorus—"*Faint and warily.*"

How unwarily the country traveller,
Thinks in London to find pleasures fill,
Soon each gambler must become unraveller,
Of the mazes of the Brixton mill.
Doubling,
Fearing,
While his course is steering,
Comfort ne'er appearing at the Brixton Mill.
How unwarily, &c.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.

The Street, with a prominent Chimney.

Enter Mrs. P. Miss, *and* Moggy.

Mrs. P. So poor Mr. Dingle has heard his hopeless son has been detected at a gambling house, and is sent to the Tread Mill; he's just gone to one of the magistrates, a friend of his, to try for a release; and if he gets it, will call us to go with him. How I pity the poor man; what a disgrace, to have a son sent to the Tread Mill.
Miss. Then we shall see the mill, and Jack wont.[*Exeunt.*

Moggy. I am sure I shall be glad when I gets home again, for the churls here do sa nowzle and sa topple a pair lassie aboot, and rin against un, as tho' a war na better than a bogs trotter. Where can Peter be a' this time. Ah! I fear he's gotten intil some outlandish place or anither. [*Exit.*

As Moggy is going off, Peter pokes his head out of the chimney pot.

Peter. I say, Moggy! O, laud! after crawling from place to place, I'm only up a chimney; I shall be crushed to death; nobody hears me; Ah! the bricks give way! Moggy, Moggy! come back.

As the chimney pot falls on the other side, enter Moggy.

Moggy. As sure as my name is Moggy, I heard a voice like Peter's, calling upon me; he's gane dead, and that was the cry of his ghaist. I'd lay three halfpence in siller, gin I had them, puir Peter's dead, Oh! oh! oh! o—h!

Sinks on her knees—enter PETER, *his face black.*

Peter, O, Moggy, Moggy!

Moggy. A—h puir Peter; then he did die! 'tis his ain ghaist! sinful lassie that I am! I do confess, Mr. Ghaist, that I let Sam Knockemstrait to kiss me aince, and ainly aince, when I was a wee bit jealous of thee.

Peter. Get up, Moggy, don't you see I've tumbled from the top of that house.

Moggy. Then you are not dead? you're alive! ha, ha, ha, ha! only to think I should be sic a fule; but where's auld maister.

Peter. O, Moggy! gone to the mill.

Moggy. What, where they grind auld people young!

Peter. No, where they grind bad men good, I suspect.

Moggy. Gad, Missus is ganging till the vara same place; I should'nt wonder but they can grind away the New Marriage Act there. Ha, ha, ha! hoot awa mon, wi yer queer hurdies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

A Department of the Mill, at Brixton—an Iron Gate, and Buildings in the back Ground.

Cerberus, (*unlocking the gate.*) Bring 'em along, a parcel of impudent wagabonds, what a horrid thing it is to think peeples of heddication should be made turnspits on, and all through their own hignorance.

Enter FLOURISH, TOM, LOGIC, *and* JERRY, Old P. JACK, TRUMPS, SHUFFLE, HARRY, Mrs. LEMONSQUEEZER, *&c.*

Old P. The air may be very good here, but hang me if I ever felt so remarkably unwell in all my life.

Jack. Nor I, dad.

All. Nor I—nor I.

Cerberus. Come, gemmen, don't be timbersome; the hexercise of the mill will soon set you all to rights. Come, off with your hupper ones, and down with your toppers.

All. Oh! oh! oh!

Police. Ha! ha! ha!

Tom. Bob, you ne'er thought to hang your cocoa nut on the oak of reformation.

Logic. I hope, Tom, they wont publish a sort of *Multum in parvo,* at the end of Life in London, with us in effigy at Brixton; 'tis very unpleasant for a gentleman of my acquaintance to be exposed before old acquaintances.

Cerberus. When gemmen mixes along with pickpockets and gamblers, they must be taken for what they seem, and not what they his. This way—you'll find the hair wery good in these parts.

Jack. D'ye think we'll go in, we've done nothing.

Cerberus. Then it's time to do something, so come along.

Mrs. L. Oh, you vile man! *(fights.)*

Jack. I suppose this is what they call the end of life in London, dad.

Old P. I am sure it will be the end of mine.

Cerberus. Now, off she goes.

Air—"*Off she goes.*" *Mill turns.*

SKIRMISH. *The mill takes old Pringle by the skirts, tears them off—cry without, release! release!*

Enter OLD DINGLE.

Dingle. Release! release!

Flourish. My father! where shall I fly!

Dingle. My son! Charles!

Flourish. O, sir, do not look at me. I am a scoundrel—I am unworthy your notice.

Dingle. Boy, boy, this remorse teaches me to forget all.

As they drag old P. forward, enter Mrs. P. MISS, MOGGY, *and* PETER.

Mrs. P. Mr. Pringle! O, I rave! I burn!

Dingle. My son, madam! (*introducing Flourish.*)

Mrs. P. Not *Sir* Simon.

Flourish. No, madam, not *Sir* Simon; but I hope, by my future conduct, to prove myself worthy of your esteem, and that of this young lady, (*going to Miss.)*

Old P. Jack, what shall I say!

Dingle. Mr. Pringle, you came to take care of your son.

Old P. Mr. Dingle, don't mention it.

Mrs. P. Husband! husband!

Old P. Madam, for once I have undergone sufficient discipline. Have a care, in future, Mrs. Pringle, how you transgress; for I have learned by the way, that a new mill is about to be erected by Act of Parliament, for the reformation of scolding wives; this, however, is merely a suggestion totally unmerited by the majority of our fair countrywomen; of whom, and of an indulgent audience, we crave pardon, for the errors which this evening have conducted us to the Tread Mill.

Chorus—"*Come then let us dance and sing.*"

You, that gamble night and day,
Learn this lesson from our play,
Do not turn displeased away—
Hear the moral fixt-on.
Virtue is the best resource,
Sobriety the only course,
Unless like us you'll seek per force,
The Treading Mill at Brixton.

Fal, lal, la, la!

[*Curtain falls.*

THE END.

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